

With The First Nighters

ORPHEUM

FOLKS who saw "On the High Seas" at the Orpheum at either of the opening night's performances went away declaring that in his latest stage creation Langdon McCormick, producer of spectacles extraordinary, has attained the very last letter in stage realism and in his present production gives us a worthy successor to "The Forest Fire."

The story of "On the High Seas," briefly told, concerns a merchant vessel, "Centurian," which is carrying supplies to Hun submarines. The wireless operator refuses to play any part in the nefarious operations and is beaten and put in chains. Thus, a youth taken aboard from an open skiff who proves to be a wireless operator is doubly welcome. When the new operator learns of the "Centurian's" mission, he attempts to "flash" the American warships in the vicinity, but is caught by the civilian captain, who orders him shot. A fire suddenly breaks out in the hold and the tables are turned. The youth is begged to send out the C. Q. D. In this manner the ships are told of the fire and to what use the trader is being put. This leads to the big scene of the play—the arrival of the American squadron and the engagement at sea.

And this last scene is most inspiring, the big battleships seeming to be in reality the monsters of the sea they so realistically portray. Guns boom, smoke belches from fiery stacks, and the big scene comes to end with the ships rushing to the rescue of the "Centurian's" crew and passengers.

Reno, an eccentric and pantomimic comedian, does a lot of Joe Jackson stunts with a bicycle and does them in a manner to win frequent laughs from the audience.

Walter C. Kelly, known far and wide as "The Virginia Judge," is the same inimitable story teller as of old. He spins his funny yarns of the Irish and the southern negro just as he always does—in a manner to win continued laughs. Kelly has a lot of new stories, but his characterizations of the hangers-on and the types that frequent a southern court room are as ever the best things in his repertoire.

Hill and Whitaker open the show with an interlude of song and music. Miss Whitaker excels as a harpist, Hill whistles, plays the banjo and violin. Officer Voxes and his inebriated canine, Don, have something unusual to offer. The dog does remarkably clever stunts in depicting a "bun."

Billy Dale and Bunny Burch present what they term "The Riding Master." It is a melange of chatter well done by the pair. The Pathe News and Orpheum Travel Weekly complete the bill.

The Orpheum management gave shows New Year's eve and also enter-

tained the theater's friends with a dance and reception held on the stage following the second show. A big crowd partook of the evening's festivities.

PANTAGES

THE new bill at Pantages is playing to maximum capacity.

An extraordinarily attractive act is presented by Hill, Tivoli girls and Hill. "Interesting and Amusing" is the title of this sketch, which is not only unusual, but clever.

Dorothy Vaughn, "The Cheerful Singer of Cheerful Songs," keeps her audience in a merry mood. "The Champion" is a piquant playlet presented by William Fleman, Violanta Stewart and Bruce Richardson. The theme is by no means new, for it has to do with a case of mistaken identity, but the plot is worked out skillfully and affords much amusement. The quarrels of a man and a wife are wittily portrayed in "Only a Dream," presented by Holmes and Lee.

"The Revue Boquet" is the main offering of the bill. It is a vivacious melange of songs and dances. The leading parts are taken by Joe and Evelyn Alvia, May Janiese and Lloyd Garrett, the contra tenor. A chorus of eight pretty girls adds much to the charm of the production.

The bill concludes with No. 11 of the serial photoplay "A Night for Millions."

NEW STOCK COMPANY

SALT Lake's new dramatic stock company, headed by Ralph Cloninger and Audra Alden, is scheduled to begin its season at the Salt Lake theater next Monday evening, when the comedy drama "Jerry" will be presented. Audra Alden was to have appeared here in this play of Billie Burke's on October 10, but the influenza epidemic resulted in the disbanding of the company on its arrival in the city.

Ralph Cloninger, who was the leading man with the Wilkes company last season, has returned to the city from Camp Lewis, where he has been

with the U. S. forces for five months. He has signed with the new organization as the leading man.

The usual stock prices will prevail. In addition to the evening performances matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday of each week.

R. C. Knowles, who recently retired from the British music hall stage on account of ill health, once complimented a Scot by saying, "Scotland is a great country. His reply was, "Mon, it's the greatest country in the world—for keeping the Sabbath—and anything else we can lay our hands on." During a world tour Mr. Knowles was going through a South African railway station one night when there was a dust storm raging and overheard a British soldier remark to another, "Fine blessed country, isn't it?" The other replied, "We fought for it, didn't we? And now Nature is getting even by forcing us to eat it."

A senator, apropos of the farm's attempt to raise the price of wheat, said the other day: "The farmers are actuated by selfish motives in this business. It's like the story of the duel. Two gentlemen with their seconds retired to a farmer's meadow to fight a duel. The various preliminaries were arranged, and the duel was just about to begin when the gaunt figure of the farmer was seen racing across the grass toward the scene of the conflict. The farmer seemed in great distress of mind. 'A humane chap,' the principals and seconds thought. 'He wants to prevent bloodshed,' and they welcomed him kindly. 'Excuse me, gents,' the farmer said, gulping with emotion, 'but is this here goin' to be a sword or a pistol duel?' 'Sword duel,' said the second. 'Why?' 'Well, you see,' said the farmer, 'if it was a pistol duel I'd want to take my cows in first.'"

The colored troops overseas are furnishing all sorts of laughs for the more sophisticated doughboys. One of them concerns a chocolate-colored Yank who had never seen a body of water larger than a creek and who was so impressed by the size of the ocean that he refused to look at it after the fourth day out. Suddenly he was called by a friend. "What do you want?" he answered dully from his berth. "Dar's a sailin' ship goin' by. Come an' see a sailin' ship. 'Look a here, nigger,' came the sharp retort. 'I'm done sick of youah sailin' boats an' whales. I'll done sail into you if you don't remember what I told you befoah. Call me when you done see a tree, and foah nothin' else. Understand?'"

Flatbush—Does your parrot talk much?

Bensonhurst—He repeats everything my wife says.

Flatbush—Oh, does he talk as much as that?—Yonkers Statesman.



AUDRA ALDEN AS "JERRY" AT THE SALT LAKE THEATRE, WEEK OF JANUARY 6